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Question Time: Favorite Independence Day memories

What was the best July 4 holiday you remember?

By Rob Burgess
Tribune night editor

[Editor's note: To participate in future queries, keep an eye on our Twitter and Facebook accounts.]

Many of us have fond recollections of Independence Day. So, we wanted to know: "What is your favorite July 4 memory?"

Your answers

"When my friend Francis wrote this ... poem while we watched this battle one time, in [1814.]" — **Corey Barrett**

"I was about 7 years old. Mom made fried chicken. After we ate we were doing fireworks. First one I get is a sparkler. Mom lights it, the sparkles catch the chicken grease on my fingers, and I have blisters for days after. I was a tough little cuss though. Nothing was keeping me from playing with fire." — **Robert E. Durham**

"Friends invited my two daughters and me out on Clear Lake with them. The city of Lakeport, [California] shot off the fireworks from a

barge on the water. Boaters filled the lake near the also jammed park on its shore every year to watch, so we launched early in the afternoon and passed the time swimming. Then it grew dark and the show began. The fireworks exploded directly over us, and seemingly all around us as the water reflected the flying, falling streams of light. Sometimes we could feel the boom in our chests. In the space between, all you could hear were quiet sounds of awe from the other boaters.” — **Tiffany Kanotz Revelle**

“When I was 4 or 5 I lived in Rising Sun, Indiana. Our farm was on the Ohio River. To buy fireworks my father, uncle, brother, cousin and I took a john boat across the river to Rabbit Hash, Kentucky. Back to the farm and shot them off. Fun.” — **Kenneth Birkemeier**

Our answers

“One year, my family spent our summer vacation in Colorado. It took forever to get there from our home in Iowa, my cousin and I dozing in the truck camper that rode in the back of my father’s old pickup truck. Every time I would open my eyes, the bland Nebraska landscape stretched out in all directions, the grass rolling for miles and no change in elevation evident. Man, Nebraska’s a big state. That was until the scenery changed and I saw my first snow-capped mountain. It was off in the distance at first, then closer. At one point

as you approach a mountain, you cross this threshold where you can no longer see it looming over you. You are on it then, a part of it. We spent that Fourth of July at a campground. I threw a snowball while wearing shorts. I fed a ground squirrel by hand after riding a sky lift. I saw the most spectacular fireworks display. It's funny how every other show since has paled in comparison. In my mind, it remains the best I've ever seen. I'm sure that memory is a culmination of all we saw and did during that family vacation, and all the warmth thinking of it brings me." —**Jill Bond**

"A blanket on the sand in Holland, Michigan, watching the fireworks over the water with all the boats sitting out in the water with their night lights on with my best friends family and my family. BEAUTIFUL sight." — **LaRie Myers**

"I remember hitting the beach after sundown with a pack of friends and a pack of bottle rockets. We would put the rockets in the barrels of our BB guns, light 'em and shoot at each other. I learned a lot of new curse words that year." — **Steve Mullen**

"This is one of my favorite times of year, so I have a lot to choose from. One of my best memories involved one of friends (who shall remain nameless because he's now a teacher) dropping an M-80 in a Nalgene water bottle and throwing it to see if it was really

indestructible. (The bottle was fine, but the cap was another story.) Our group of friends ended the evening playing tag by firing bottle rockets at each other. Needless to say, it was incredibly dangerous, there is no reason any of us are still alive with all our digits intact and no one should follow our example. Can't say it wasn't fun, though!"

— **Rob Burgess**

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